

Pam-India

Juddoo's Triumph.

1008

THE HAPPY DEATH
OF
JUDDONAUTH CHATTERJEA,
OF BALI;
THROUGH FAITH IN CHRIST, THE LIVING WAY
TO
THE ONLY GOD, THE FATHER:
BRIEFLY GIVEN IN
A LETTER TO HIS PASTOR, BY A DISCIPLE
OF
THE UNITARIAN MISSION.

Boston, August 1857. L. S. G.

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NARRATIVE.

Note ; The writer of this letter, Baboo Jogutchunder Gangooly, has been for some time a Teacher in the Bali Training School. His interest in Christian truth was first excited by the bazar-preaching of the principal of that School, in the year 1852. Since that time he has been active in the distribution of the Christian Scriptures and constant in his desire to diffuse Christian truth. The results of such activity have begun to appear among his pupils :—as is happily evident from the following

LETTER TO THE REV. C. H. A. DALL.

MY DEAR FATHER AND PASTOR—

The glorious God has covered me and my family with a dark cloud. I can hardly speak now. The fair—my dearly beloved nephew is removed from this world of weeds to the garden of paradise. I will give you a brief description of the fair child's life as a Christian, yea, a true Christian; and you may preach it in the form of a sermon on Sunday to the congregation. You have seen the boy, more than once, in Baboo C. C. Singha's School: the boy who repeated the verse before you, and who lately got the prize for drawing. He was fourteen years old; brought to me from his father's house when he was eleven; untaught and superstitious, a Hindoo by birth and feeling.

I laboured day and night to make him acquainted with the rich and life-giving doctrines of the Savior Christ; and he was glad not only to say he believed them, but even, though a boy, to communicate his thoughts to others, both boys and girls; and now and then to his own father, an orthodox Hindoo. He devoured all the instructions which I gave him. He will [would] ask me questions respecting God, Christ, future world, death, resurrection, atonement, always;—whether in walking, eating, in school;—in short, whenever with me. Though these are solemn and serious things,

he seemed to have understood them all. Ah, he has fully showed and wisely expressed the tokens of his acquirements on his death-bed ! How divine is the saying of our Savior, " Father thou hast revealed it unto babes ! "

Day by day I saw new changes in him. I think God gave him knowledge of the shortness of his career ; and therefore he tried his best to be a true follower of Jesus, and display a Christian life, in his brief span. He was never seen in anger after his conversion. He was naturally mild and gentle, but the light of Christianity added double lustre to his character. No boy complained against him. He was beloved of the whole school, neighbours, and family.

Though poor, he was kind in the extreme. He loved not good clothes, shoes and food, for himself. He used to say to me, always, " Uncle ! why should we complain of coarse food and torn clothes ? There are several who have not even these things. " On holidays, Hindoo holidays, he used to say, " Are these days holy in which men worship idols instead of God ? " Lately I asked him " Juddoo, how many pice do you want for the holiday ? " " Four, uncle ! two pice for the playthings and two for the poor. " One day a poor old woman came to our house to beg for rice. We gave her some. The woman asked for a torn cloth. I was in a different room at that time, and when I heard the woman begging for clothes, I began to think what I might give. But the boy had performed the right, in the very moment she asked, taking his own cloth [chudder] and throwing it to her from the back-door.

He made no distinction of castes and ranks. He was equally kind, obedient, and useful to all. " Uncle, how I feel glad when I serve others ! I am not weary ; I do not feel disgusted when men tell me to do some [disagreeable] actions. I seek opportunity of pleasing men ; —who they be, no matter : we are all children of God the only Father,—only one. " When I will come from the Chapel on Sundays, he will hear, with a greedy ear, what I learned from you : " Uncle, tell me what instruction you got to-day from Mr. Dall. Ah, when I will be able to comprehend English that I may hear Mr. Dall ? Very good, now, you must tell me, teach me, and watch me ! "

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I told him,—“ Juddoo, Mr. Dall said, and gave reason that there is no ghost at all.”—“ Is it true? Oh I will no more dread ghost”!—“ Mr. Dall is a good disciple of God and Christ: he said, no ghost; he knew well.”

I must hasten to give an account of his last hour: only saying that not for a day was I disturbed [disappointed] in him. I have seen several of his letters or epistles [to his school fellows] and Chundy Baboo has seen two of them. Writing to his class friend, a little boy, who was a Hindoo, contents are these; “ My Dear Kalinauth, I will love you more if you love God; who is One and Eternal. I believe in Him. Will you not?”—It was his greatest satisfaction to see the same boy in the path of light. The boy answered him in the same way, praising God, and regretting for their birth in heathen families. In his recreations you will always find him speaking of God and Christ as much as he can. In short, his every action promised of his being a great champion of Christ in his maturer years. But who can understand the works [doings] of God? The Almighty took him to his own presence! Ah, happy child! no more on earth! my dear, dearer and dearest [child] of God and Savior!

On the Friday last, my dear Juddoo was attacked by the dreadful cholera. On the next day, Saturday, the loved boy remained quiet until noon. At two o'clock the sickness increased, and vomits and motions were incessant. We sent for a doctor: he came: and said “ It is high time;—too late;—the boy is already gone.” We applied blisters, and gave medicines,—but to no purpose. Nothing could bring the pulse in its own place, or make the body warm. In the family of Hindoos, what I will say? Pressing nearest the bed, I asked my Juddoo whether his conscience is clear then, or not? And, to my great surprise, I saw him, as a saint uttering slowly, “ Oh, how I will go!” “ Where, my dear? I asked. Looking at me, and tenderly folding my neck by his little arms, “ To my Father, uncle, and to my Savior in heaven.” “ Dear Juddoo, have you said your prayers?” “ Yes,—oh yes,” (in a faltering tone) “ I am only thinking of Father of all children of men:—I cannot speak in English correctly.”

I could not bear the sight [of his sufferings] and I went out of the room, rejoicing that he will die a happy death, and that he has not forgotten the name of only God and Savior, which he so diligently learned. Perceiving his end very near, he no longer concealed his profession. He began to say openly [in Bengali,] "Oh good women, who are sitting around me, tell, I beseech you, tell me the name of God, only God!" His grandmother told "Juddoo, here is a flower of Sitolah goddess for you,"—"Cease to say so grandmother! I am not a child of Sitolah, but of the Father of all: I am not a Hindoo, but a disciple of Christ!"—The throng amazed at this word, looked at each other: "What a reasoning in the babe! and who is this Savior? We do not know these things!"—Receiving no favorable [satisfactory] answer from any in the crowd, (they only utter the names of Hindoo gods and goddesses,) Juddoo was puzzled [confounded] and began to cry bitterly, "Where is my uncle? Call him! Tell him to read my scripture lesson to me! Tell him to sing! Where, oh where is he, in this last hour of mine?"

I was then out to bring some medicines from the doctor. When I came home, the women said, "Your nephew is impatient to see you; come quickly!"

I entered, and saw the boy lying as an angel, with a smile on his face, and brighter eyes which I ever saw. "Come uncle!" [he said.] "Uncle, you are the only man in the whole family: you are great. These speak and teach lie; you do not."—I asked, "Juddoo, do you fear to die?"—"Not at all, uncle: why, I will go to my Father and Savi—." "Who is your Savior dear?"—(Smiling,) "Christ!"

Feeling this to be the last time of his in the earth, he gave vent to reasonings and exclamations: "Uncle, will God forgive me?"—"Yes, dear."—"My sins are great, now I remember them all; I have spoken lies; and once I went to buy some oil at Varahree's shop: he forgot to take, and I forgot to give the pice for the oil. I remembered it afterwards and did not give him the pice; I am sorry for it: now will God, Father of all, forgive me? Once I determined to pick mangoes from a man's garden, this year: but I called my principles to my aid, and was safe.

"Dear Juddoo," I asked, "do you believe man will die?" "No uncle! This (pointing to his breast) this body shall perish,—not my soul."

His mother and father being then at their house at Charnock, he wished to see them: saying, "Uncle, I am really sorry for them:—for my mother,—oh she will cry;—uncle, console her; keep her here for some time, and tell her she will [must] meet with me in the presence of the Savior." "Oh, how I will [wish to] see mother! now! now! here!" "Oh, my mother, I wish to see you, and to take a last farewell! Mother, it is you who bore me!"—

I said, "Juddoo, do not cry, we can do nothing."—"Oh yes, uncle, you are right: let the will of our Heavenly Father be done!"—I now began to shed tears.—"Cease to cry, uncle; rely upon God. I am going to a fairer world, where God is;—no death;—I am glad. —Now, uncle, 'tis a time of joy for me.—I will not hear you sing any more. Sing of God, and I will join my tune with yours!"—He seemed so nearly gone, I thought he will only hear with a louder tone: but he sang more than twice,

"From all that dwell below the skies, &c."

and again—

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home!"

At the same time repeating some select lines from the scripture lesson: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." "The heavens declare the glory of God." Then, turning to the astonished crowd [about him], "Pray, will ye not talk? I wish to hear you!"—Somebody said, "Of what we will talk, Juddoo? of food?—Ah, is this the time of speaking of food? Speak of (the) Father!"

Upon his grandmother's saying, "These words are not worthy of you now:" [he replied;]

"These are the principal words, and worth speaking!"

Sometimes he bowed, with his hands folded.

"Whom do you thank, Juddoo?" one asked.

"Who is worthy to be thanked?" he said.

"Who is he, Juddoo?"

"Father! God, the Lord!"

In the meantime his mother came. Then, hanging upon her neck "Mother, mother, oh mother! Where is my sister, father, and [the] others? Mother, in this world I had only two: Mother, you; and uncle Jogut who taught [me] of God and Christ. Even now I am glad; behold the heaven is open!"

His mother said, "Juddoo, do not fear; I will give a golden tongue to Cally [Kali] goddess, and....."

[His mother going on to speak of Kali] this disturbed him much. [Unable to bear it longer, he cried] "Fool [Cally.] Give fire into the face [mouth] of Cally!" "Pray, mother, do not tell these [things] to me!" "Speak of God, whom I love!"

Then, turning to me, "Uncle, prevent them who will take me to the river (the burning place for the dead) to mention the name of Gunga, Shiva and Rama: tell them, if they would [speak,] to speak of God." "Ah, it is shameful and pity that men do not know their Creator; catch hold of Him, and be glad. I will see you all, uncle, in heaven."

In short, he spoke in such a way, sufficiently to prove himself as a Christian, [a] child of God, a saint: one who met death openly, bravely, gladly; as a prelude to real harmony and [the] happy state. He was sure of his happy fate; believed God and Christ dearly; and in his last expiring moments [manifested] the faith, joy, love, meekness, which enabled him to receive "the cup" with gladness, and to die without a groan. After saying these things, plainly proclaiming himself as a lover of men, God, and [the] Savior, [and] a Christian,—before all he slept, and stopped, and spoke no more!

The men and women are all in a state of profound astonishment. "What is this?" [they said] "He spoke, the mere boy, like a saint! We have not heard these, even in the face of our priests. Ah, the babe lamented for his sin! What sin? Lies? What has Jogut taught him? Strange things which we never dreamed before; [and] which gave him power to suffer death without sorrow!" [They said much more.]


Now, dear Pastor, God is in every face: but I have lost my right hand, [in my] nephew, brother and a son,—friend and dearest [one.] Father and dear Pastor,

give it [this narrative] a systematic form, if it please you. Such a life, in a Hindoo family without a Pastor, only what I have taught, is very rare. Let the world know the power of Christianity, felt by a boy who has but faintly seen the light [of it;] and who has not read a page of [the] Bible;* who yet defeated abortive death, and resigned himself to the hand of God and Christ.

Your dutiful Son,

JOGUTCHUNDER GANGOOLY,
Of Bally.

“ P. S.”—[I also recal the words,] “ Uncle, will the doctor snatch me out of the hand of God? What can medicines do? Since I am going to my Father, rejoice! Men are not powerful, but God of Heaven is Almighty, and He will do what He likes.

 The parentheses in the letter are Jogut's, the brackets [] mine.—C. H. A. D.

CONCLUDING WORDS, *By the Unitarian Missionary.*

C. H. A. DALL.

On receiving the above deeply interesting letter from Baboo Jogutchunder Gangooly, a few months ago, my desire was to see it in type as soon as possible; particularly as the school-mates of the deceased, in their anxiety to have a copy of this memento of our loved Juddoonauth, promptly contributed of their poverty, and sent me two or three rupees, (a good sum for such as they) towards the expenses of its publication. Moved by the writer of the letter, I soon found time to re-write it into purer English. Press of other duties deferred the printing of it for a few months; and now, as I look upon the original letter, I feel that it speaks with more touching power, unaltered than revised. It is therefore given very nearly in its original dress, and left to tell its own story in its own way.

In subsequent conversations with the writer, other facts, in keeping with those already given, have trans-

* Except in Scripture Manuals, &c.

pired, a few of which I cannot forbear to add; characteristic as they are of one child of Bengal, and characteristic as they may be of other children of our mission, yet to arise and bless God for our presence in Asia.

(1.) When Juddoo saw his grandmother weeping bitterly at his fast approaching end, he cried out with energy, "Grandmother! stop crying! am I going to be hanged, or as a prisoner to be confined? Am I not going to my Father and Savior?"

(2.) When making his peace with God, Juddoo remembered, confessed and repented of *a sin of thought*, that had never passed into an act. He had, on a certain occasion, entertained the thought or intention of saying what was not true. On his death-bed he was mindful of it, and pained about it, and repented of it.

(3.) He seemed more than usually exempt from that tendency to sloth and inaction, which is supposed to belong, by inheritance, to all Asiatics. It was one of his favorite proverbs, "Shall work drive me, or I drive work?"

(4.) Juddoo was a Brahmin by birth. His surname, Chatterjea, indicates the purity of his Brahminical stock. Though all the Brahmins in India will tell you that they worship only one God, and despise idols as nursery toys, few, it is presumed, would do what Juddoo did, to *prove* his contempt and scorn of idols: not of the men or women who are misguided worshippers of stocks and stones; among whom were his own loved and honored parents; but, in their absence from the temple, his fearless ridicule of the pretensions of the idol itself, to be anything.

Since Juddoo's death, the fact has become known, that one day, he took a companion with him into the temple of Shiva Koellansur. This is the chief idol-temple of Bali, a town of ancient Brahmin families,—half a dozen miles up the river from Calcutta. Entering, in the absence of the priests and worshippers, Juddoo struck the idol repeatedly with his foot, saying, as he touched the senseless effigy of Shiva, "See, how he defends himself! A pretty avenger he! A dreadful avenger indeed! It is not alive, poor stone!"

Such was his way of expressing that disregard of the power of the idol, which every man of high caste

in India professes to feel, but which few will so bravely demonstrate. God grant that we may see more of Juddoo's happy combination of tenderness to the worshipper, and consistent derision of the false object of worship!

(5.) Juddoo clearly anticipated and desired an early departure from this world to a better. Nothing was truer to him than the words of the apostle Paul, "To die is gain." His whole religious life, from the time he gave himself to Christ, was in keeping with what we have just seen. His dying anthem, was "Oh grave, where is thy victory? Oh death, where is thy sting!" He that gave him death, gave him his uppermost desire: his heart's dearest prayer. Something may be allowed to that constitutional indifference to death, that absence of a strong clinging to life, which partly accounts for the Suttee, and makes suicide a sport in Hindostan. Yet it will ever be true that,

"'Tis a dread and awful thing to die."

The immediate presence of death is always appalling; and Juddoo's way of meeting "The death Angel," with a smile and an outstretched hand, was no stoicism, but a lofty triumph of faith in God. I know of one man born in America, who can well recal his own enthusiastic longing, as a happy child, to die; and the frustrated plans by which he intended to accomplish it.

It seems to have been in expectation of an early death that Juddoo was so unceasing in his endeavors to leave behind him distinct records of his faith, through Christ, in God. With pen and pencil, with chalk and charcoal, on his books and playthings, on his clothing and on that of near friends, on the vessels from which he drank, on the reverse side of dinner plates, on the walls and the door-posts of his home, where idolaters are accustomed to paint the rude pictures of gods and goddesses,—unceasingly and everywhere Juddoo wrote the striking words, "Glory to the Father and to the Son!" "God bless us!" "God be with us!" and similar expressions. I have lately examined some of these records, with feelings, which I shall not attempt to describe. On the walls of the room in which the last scenes of his life transpired

—you may still perceive these records of faith. There, in chalk, they remain ; except that some of the most conspicuous have been erased by his grandmother, on account of their Christian stamp and anti-idolatrous meaning.

After the custom of the Hindoos they burned, not buried, all that was mortal of Juddoo.

The body, the clothing of his spirit, the fleshly heart, the visible hand ; not the soul that looked out from his mild face ; but the eye, the ear, the lips, that God gave him for a little while, through which to see us, to listen to his teachers, and to speak kindly to us all,—these instruments of Juddoo's true heart and soul, and mind and will,—have sought their kindred ashes, and found their natural companionship with the dust. They have literally turned to ashes in the fire. They now lie scattered on the banks of the Ganges, or float in its ever-moving waters, or rise upon the air when these subside, and the scorching wind goes by. Thus Juddoo's body has no Church-yard in which to lie. It knows no grave, no fixed burial place.

Still Juddoo's glad triumph over all fears of death, reminds us so strongly of some beautiful lines that we lately read in an American Publication, "The Sunday School Gazette," that we will give them a place here at the end of our brief and insufficient sketch of a death-scene never to be forgotten by those who knew Juddoo, or were privileged to witness his departure. These are entitled, "A walk in a Church-yard;" though we prefer to give them the superscription:—

"FAITH CAN PLAY AMONG THE GRAVES."



"We strayed within the Church-yard bounds,

—My little boy and I;—

He laughing, running happy round,

I, pacing mournfully."

"Nay, child! it is not well," I said,

"Among the graves to shout,—

To laugh and play among the dead,

And make this noisy rout."

A moment to my side he clung,

Leaving his merry play,

A moment stilled his joyous tongue,

Almost as hushed as they ;

Then, quite forgetting the command,
 In life's exulting burst
 Of childish glee, let go my hand,
 Joyous as at the first.

And now, I did not check him more ;
 For, taught by Nature's face,
 I had grown wiser than before,
 E'en in that moment's space.

She spread no funeral pall above
 That patch of Church-yard ground ;
 But the same azure vault of love
 That hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass,
 As freely as elsewhere ;
 The sunshine on no other grass
 A richer hue could wear.

And, form'd from out that very mould
 In which the dead did lie,
 The daisy, with its eye of gold,
 Looked up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
 Nor hastened to be gone ;
 The tiny bird its glad notes shed,
 Perched on a grey head-stone.

And God, I said, would never give
 This light upon the earth,
 Nor bid, in childhood's heart, to live
 These springs of gushing mirth ;

If our true wisdom were to mourn
 And linger with the dead,
 And nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn,
 And call the grave our bed.

Oh, no ! the glory earth puts on,
 The child's unchecked delight,
 Both witness to a TRIUMPH won,
 (If we but read aright :)

A triumph over sin and death ;
 Vanquished by *Him who saves* ;
 Till, like a happy infant, *Faith*,
Can play among the graces !